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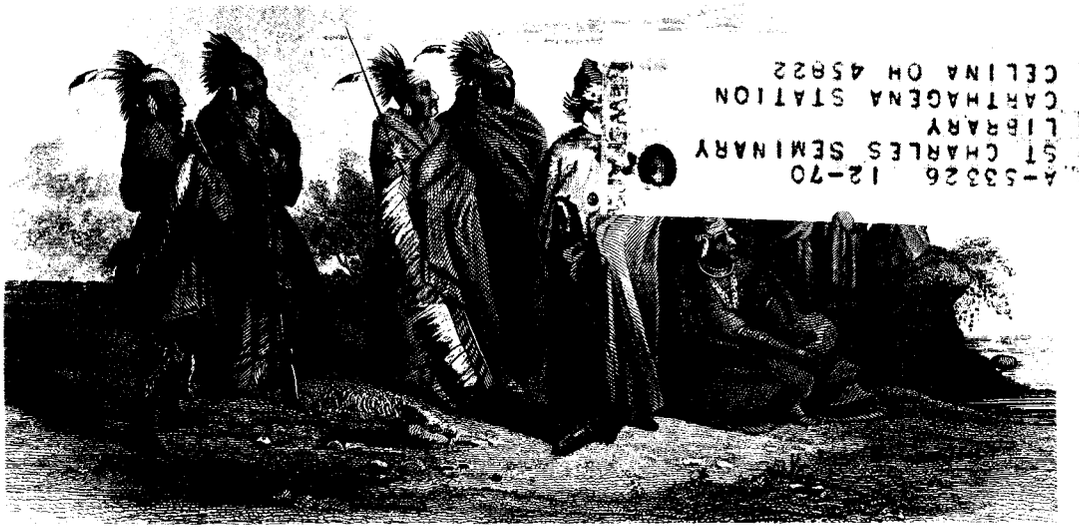

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NIXON'S INDIAN POLICY

Is it back to Buffalo Bill?

Rennard Strickland and Jack Gregory

Berrigans in Prison *Kenneth L. Woodward*
Comment *Walker Percy, Rosemary Ruether*
The Purpose of Church *James Burtchaell*
All-American History *Colin Westerbeck*
A Letter to Pope Paul *Ivan Illich*

Murray Polner, Anne Fremantle, Serge Hughes reviewing Willard Gaylin, Ved Mehta and the Recollections of de Tocqueville

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NEWS & VIEWS

Peace Through Arms

The practice by which some nations live on bread exchanged for arms has become an angry target for sensitive Europeans.

In England, the dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, Canon L. J. Collins, is leading protests against the new British government's decision to renew arms sales to South Africa.

In France, a priest and layman, supported by their bishop, recently undertook a hunger strike in order to denounce the delivery by France of Mirage jets to Brazil.

And public opinion is being marshaled against the arms business in Belgium, Sweden, Switzerland and Germany—the latter having managed to regain a hunk of the market.

Of course, the biggest trafficker in arms remains the U.S., which peddles on the average of $2-billions worth a year without a flick of conscience.

Since World War II, 95 percent of the armed confrontations in underdeveloped countries has been carried out with arms imported from so-called advanced nations. But the U.S. can look such facts in the face with equanimity.

Indeed, the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency is underwriting studies which find these arms a mere symptom of conflict, not cause.

The latest such study ranks as the ultimate test in credulousness. "For many poor countries," it argues, "large investments in jet aircraft and tanks . . . may actually reduce the intensity of conflict, since advanced weapons are both more difficult to operate and more dependent upon external support for vital spare parts and training."

In other words, you keep underdeveloped countries cool by selling them arms which are beyond their physical and technical capabilities.

It's cynical, delusionary . . . and it's policy.

The study cited was carried out by the Arms Control Project of the Center for International Studies at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Which provides yet another insight why students are in rebellion against so many of the involvements of the university.

Justice for GIs

Justice belongs at last to the two black Marines who received dishonorable discharges and prison terms for arguing with fellow Marines that Vietnam was a "white man's war" no black could support in good conscience while his own people were suffering in this country. ("18-Minute Verdict," by Murray Polner; *Commonweal*, 3/28/69.)

William L. Harvey Jr. and George W. Daniels were courtmartialed in 1967 at the height of the Johnson hysteria over Vietnam, and subsequently judged guilty in a case which pivoted on the issue of free speech in the armed forces.

The Court of Military Appeals has now reversed those convictions.

The reversal comes on the relatively narrow grounds of "instructional deficiency"—failure to give proper instruction to members of the court on what elements constitute disloyalty under the law.

Narrow grounds or not, however, the reversal is regarded as a happy diminishment of Article 34 of the Universal Code of Military Justice—that catch-all provision by which the military can prosecute most anything, including, as in the instance of Harvey and Daniels, private conversations that merely repeat what is on the lips of thousands of American civilians.

1199 in 1970

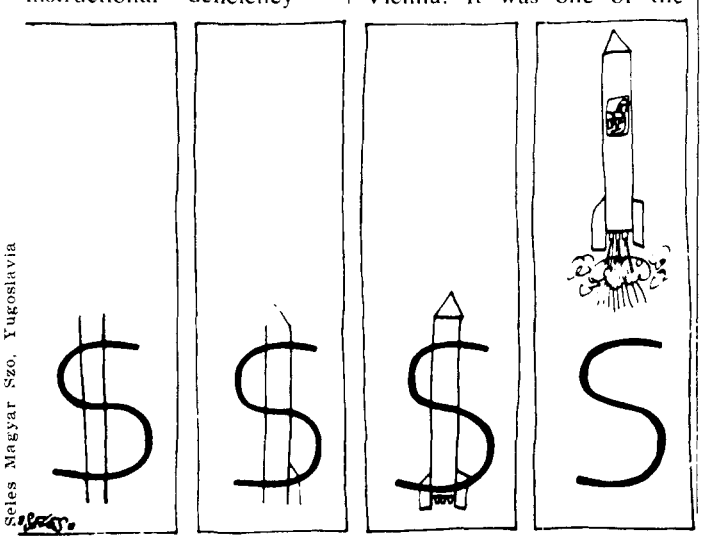
If you believe all unions have had their day as social force in America, catch the film *I Am Somebody*, featuring the organizing activities of 1199, drug and hospital-workers union.

The film is a half-hour documentary of the 1969 Charleston hospital strike. More particularly it is a testimonial (though not directly intended as such) that some unions have escaped developing fat-cat consciences.

A. H. Raskin of the *Times* described 1199 as a union with "soul," an assessment for which there's literal as well as symbolic validity, since the black worker is at the core of hospital organization and 1199 concern.

I Am Somebody was shown recently at the International Peace Academy in Vienna. It was one of the happier American exports of the summer.

The film is available here through 1199 executive secretary Moe Foner, 310 West 43rd St., NYC 10036.



Adult Cynicism

The "C.O. or Cop-Out?" editorial of *Columbia*, the Knights of Columbus monthly, is a classic demonstration of how not to win friends and new members.

Columbia professes to see a "new badge of prestige developing in youth culture," to be worn by those able to display a "gift of sincerity" and escape military duty.

Bugging *Columbia*: recent court decisions in conscientious-objector cases.

Columbia urges Congress to revise selective service laws so as to head off "schools of sincerity" and other "cop-out" tricks.

Odds and Ends

—*Wall Street Journal* coverage of the House's overriding of the education-bill veto must have tickled Drinan supporters. Reported *WSJ*: debate "was lively and partisan—although two Massachusetts Democrats, Reps. Philbin and Donahue, managed to sleep side-by-side through much of it." It is Philbin's seat which is being sought by candidate Robert Drinan, S. J.

—Another development in the decline and fall of the Catholic press: the College of Journalism at Marquette University has lost its accreditation. "They had a fine school," said an accrediting official, "but they let it slide. It was primarily neglect."

—Liberation News Service notes without comment that Dan A. Mitrione, U. S. consular police-adviser killed by Uruguayan revolutionaries, was listed in *Who's Who in the CIA*, a compendium of over 3,000 suspected CIA agents, published in Berlin in 1968 by Julius Mader.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Meeting the Laity

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: I can appreciate your concern that Msgr. Marcel Uylenbroeck, secretary of Pope Paul's Council of the Laity, should have the opportunity of meeting a cross-section of the laity in the United States, rather than merely those who were working within the general institutional framework of church organizations [July 24].

As a member of the Council of the Laity, it was my job to set up his schedule within the amount of time that we had available. If there were any deficiencies in it, I've got to assume the blame because he was completely open to meeting with any group or individuals who were interested and available during the week that covered a three-day holiday period. Let me run down his New York schedule for you. After his arrival he spent Sunday and Monday relaxing with some of his old friends from the YCW in the New York area, including Father Robert Kennedy of the Social Action Department in Brooklyn, Father John Berkery, and Ken Haag. His official schedule picked up on Tuesday morning with an hour's conference with Patricia Nader, which was a briefing on lay missionary activities both domestic and international.

We then had a luncheon conference at the Union League Club with half-a-dozen very active and interested laymen in New York industry and management. We then spent an hour with the officers and representatives of the New York Association of Laymen and the Christian communities. The New York Chancery Office was next on the list for about an hour to hear comments of the Commission on Parish Councils. We then had dinner at New York University with a group of graduates, undergraduates, and faculty, and a bull session for two hours following.

I could take you clear across the country in much the same fashion—

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PLAYING GAMES WITH NATURE

The battle within the Lindsay Administration over the expansion of the Consolidated Edison power-generating plant in New York City's Astoria section—a tension temporarily settled by giving the power company half of what it wanted, and socking environmentalists with only half of what they feared was coming—was replete with local politics, but it also had broad national implications for the critical environmental problems posed.

The New York issue was modern-classic in numerous ways: a bursting population straining for more electricity; a power company with profit accountability to stockholders anxious to meet and create needs; conservationists fearful of ecological consequences; health and welfare worries over new social and medical complications; finally, a city government grappling with its respective responsibilities, but seemingly mindful first of industry.

Each bloc in the controversy was able to marshal strong arguments for and against the Astoria plan; each could summon into witness impressive authorities by the score; each, ultimately, could refute, or at least bring into doubt, the case of the other. And precisely because each could do this, the decision should have been to hold. For the plain fact is that no one knows for sure the full ecological implications of the new world which man is creating. Almost anything is a gamble, and the situation is such that even an odds-on gamble is a bad one. And not just for New York City, but for the United States as well. If the two have not already reached the point of no return environmentally, they are so close to it that the smallest risk is intolerable. The environment must be given the advantage of all doubts, else the future itself may be down the drain.

Thus, as John Lindsay should have said no to Consolidated Edison, Washington should be issuing flat noes to pipelines across Alaska, Supersonic Transports, gas-graveyards in the Atlantic, herbicides, pesticides and whatever else unsettles, however slightly, already precarious ecological balances. The stakes could not be higher; in UN Secretary General Thant's words of Aug. 23, the point is being reached where "the very capacity of the planet to sustain human life will be in doubt."

This urgency fails to convey itself on effective political levels. Lip-service is paid environmentalists and decision made in favor of "developers."

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Sometimes, as in the Astoria instance, the latter are half-decisions, but the end-result is the same. The environment is sold out piecemeal instead of in one big deal. Accordingly, in Washington the Department of Health, Education and Welfare pronounces bans on herbicides, while over at the White House the President exempts herbicides from the articles of international treaty. And in New York, to cut air pollution, the Mayor experiments in the closing of downtown avenues to vehicular traffic, then authorizes a power-facility expansion which will add millions of pounds of noxious oxides to the city's air. Something is sadly out of whack, and it isn't the zeal of the environmentalists.

The surprise about New York is that John Lindsay, given both his professional ambitions and his genuine humanitarian instincts, does not align himself solidly with the environmentalists. It would seem the expedient as well as the wise thing to do, for the environment is not going to be any flash-in-the-pan issue. It could dominate the politics of the future.

However, it isn't just John Lindsay. Public officials generally must begin to exercise a bias on the side of conservation, and bring this bias to bear on the private sector. Without such a bias—one which says no to more pollution and additional ransomings of the future—nation and world are going to be in huge trouble. What must be realized, in sum, is that the present generations of man must live also for the future, else the future will be unlivable for mankind.

The Berrigans In Prison

So now Daniel Berrigan is in prison too, apprehended after four months by an FBI agent who muttered "A.M.D.G." when he moved in for the arrest—a habit carried over from high school days with the Jesuits who taught him to put their motto at the top of his homework papers. Dan is now at the medium-security prison in Danbury, Conn., where he has been joined by brother Philip, who had been held in maximum bondage in Lewisburg, Pa., while Dan was on the lam. What will they do next?

The Berrigans regard themselves as political prisoners; both have vowed to continue their resistance to the war from behind prison walls. Each, in his own way, has a knack for inspiring others to join in what Daniel calls "communities of risk." The argument here is that they might do well to band their convictions, talent and capacity for arousing public interest toward exposing the Kafkaesque world of our penal system. Already, in fact, Philip has succeeded in opening up some interesting lines of inquiry which merit public attention.

From his cell at Lewisburg, Philip wrote letters last July to Senators Tydings, Kennedy and Goodell in which he complained that he was being harassed by

Ivan Illich Writes Pope Paul

Cuernavaca, Mexico

Holy Father:

I must censure your silence. Respectfully, firmly and publicly I must do so. For two years, it has been your duty to speak out against systematic torture of its political prisoners by the military government of Brazil with the same vehement indignation with which you have denounced the killing by Uruguayan insurgents of an American police technician. You have failed in this duty, just as you have again and again refused to speak out personally against specific acts of inhumanity on the part of men who are in government and power in Latin America. I hold this silence against you, and I tell you that God holds it against you.

With hundreds of other Catholics, I have begged you during these last two years to denounce the wanton police torture which has become a system of government in Brazil. We have presented you with overwhelming proof, proof that would have been sufficient in the courts of law of any civilized nation, proof of hundreds of cases of torture, and of torture used not even for the purpose of eliciting information (repulsive enough in itself), but for the sole purpose of terrorizing and punishing political prisoners, and so terrorizing the entire population of Brazil. We have asked you to add your own human voice to ours in condemning this ultimate inhumanity. The only reply, after months of quiet attempts to evade our plea, was simply evasion in another form: the bland, general statements by a bureaucrat of your curia. The Holy See's general deprecation of evil-doing is no fulfillment of your own prophetic duty. In the name of the Lord, I tell you that your conscience is burdened with your silence, burdened with the burden of Pius XII, who "prudently" answered the atrocities of Hitler with—silence.

Personally, I condemn unconditionally all premeditated killing and all physical torture. I pray, and I beg you to pray for me, that I may always be ready to die rather than take part in either;—whatever the circumstances, I denounce as a crime the Uruguayan insurgents' killing of a U.S. police specialist. I also denounce as a crime the torture by the Brazilian police of the young wife of an insurgent, Maria do Carmo Brito,

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prison officials for his political beliefs. His principal charge was that he was being held behind "the Wall" at Lewisburg against all precedent for conscientious objectors, who are normally placed in minimum-security prison farms or work camps. In addition, Philip charged that his mail was being seized and his cell unnecessarily searched. Both Philip and Daniel thought that these harassments, if that is what they are, were being inflicted at the direction—or at least the suggestion—of the FBI, in the hope of pressuring the Berrigan on the loose. Senator Goodell, for one, wrote the Federal Bureau of Prisons and asked whether the charges were true. He received a denial from Norman Carlson, director of the bureau. But what is the truth?

Lewisburg's acting warden, Robert L. Hendricks, also denied that the FBI had them keeping Berrigan in the Wall in order to pressure his brother's surrender: "The FBI never requests anything of the sort, never asks that we handle any specific case in any specific manner." Hendricks added: "Frankly, we are not worried about what he (Philip Berrigan) might do" in a minimum-security institution. For good reason. Phil had earlier spent four months at Allenwood, Lewisburg's minimum-security work camp, without walking away.

On the other hand, Hendricks explained that prison officials do worry that COs might leave—"not escape in a classical sense"—out of the conviction that to remain voluntarily in a minimum-security institution such as Allenwood would be, in effect, to cooperate with the very system they are conscientiously opposed to. He says that many COs ask officials to keep them locked up in maximum security—"involuntary confinement," he calls it. 'I don't want to see a boy get more time for this, so when he asks for involuntary confinement, we are willing to accommodate him inside the Wall."

Berrigan did not ask to be so accommodated. Why, then, was he kept inside the Wall, together with his Catonsville colleague, David Eberhardt? Hendricks said that such decisions are made by a five-man prison "classification" committee during the initial two-week "orientation" period for each prisoner. One reason why both men were kept in maximum security, Hendricks said, is the "fugitive status" they received after failing to surrender to authorities at the designated time and place. "The authorities had to go and find them," he said. "We felt that because of that we had to take a close look at both cases in order to best determine where they should be and what they should be doing."

While the authorities were taking an extended look at the two "cases," Berrigan and Eberhardt committed what Hendricks calls "the most minor type of infractions —being in the wrong end of the prison and breaking into a chow line other than their own." As Berrigan and Eberhardt explained the incident, they had gone to the other end of the prison to talk to the prison chaplain's "inmate clerk." Eberhardt was in constant fear of homosexual rape—he told psychiatrist Robert Coles later that he had been approached several times—and,

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exchanged together with 40 other political prisoners in May and now living in Algiers, a cripple because of that torture. And I denounce as a crime the killing by U.S. soldiers with anti-personnel weapons of an unidentified Vietnamese woman last night.

I do not claim that my personal vocation to pacifism gives me the right to condemn others who do not share it, who have chosen the way of violence: the policeman, the soldier, the rebel. But I do claim the right—I recognize my duty—to single out specific deeds that I hear cry to heaven, deeds that do violence to the decency that even their perpetrators claim to honor, and to condemn them in the name of man and of God. This is a God-given right, a God-given duty, given equally to those who have chosen meekness and to those who have chosen politics and violence. It is a harder thing to prophesy God's wrath at a particular deed done by particular men than simply to denounce evil. It is a harder thing to denounce the powerful than to denounce the weak. But it is precisely the hard thing that is the burden of the prophet. You have in your hands ample, unquestionable evidence that the Brazilian government constantly uses torture as a means of punishment and of terror, and you have not denounced this. I censure you today because you have renounced your prophetic burden.

Holy Father, I thank God that I belong to the Roman Church—the only Church that has you, the Pope. Because it is the only World Church in whose name a single consecrated Bishop can prophesy, however many of its members may disagree with what he says. It is the only Church in which a single man—that is you—is authorized in the name of the Church to condemn the crimes perpetrated or hypocritically tolerated by the Brazilian government—crimes which cry to heaven.

I am deeply saddened by your silence. You denounce the crimes of a little band of rebels. But to the crimes of a government of usurping generals who treat your ambassador-nuncio with great honor, you answer only with worldly prudence and with—silence. In the name of humanity, I implore you to speak out and condemn this torture used for punishment, for terror and above all as a means of government. You know as well as I do that it constitutes the policy and the practice of the Brazilian government. And you know as well as I do that it is an absolute and ultimate degradation of human dignity. Your humble and obedient son,

IVAN ILLICH

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as Coles explains it, an approach can itself be a forceful, if not brutal, experience. The warden feels that the two men should have reported Eberhardt's fears to the guards in their own end of the prison. But to do so would have invited the very real possibility of rape or even death, contends psychoanalyst Willard Gaylin, who spent nearly two years at Lewisburg in preparing his recent study of war resisters in prison, *In the Service of Their Country*. In short, the guy who rats gets taken care of by his colleagues.

For their trespass, Berrigan and Eberhardt were given a week's suspension of recreational privileges. Hendricks calls it a "restriction of the goodies of life, what few of them are here." But rather than accept this discipline, Berrigan and Eberhardt asked to go into the prison's isolation unit, called "the hole." Two days there, Hendricks said, is considered the equivalent of a seven-day restriction on the "goodies" of prison life, but the two resistors refused to leave or to end the fast they had started in the hole. They were taken to the prison hospital. "I never was sure why they insisted on going to the hole," says the warden. "Sometimes the things they say go right over my head."

Hendricks claims that the possible effect of Berrigan on other COs in minimum security institutions was never discussed by his staff when they reviewed the question of where to keep him. But this appears to contradict the testimony of Dr. Norman Barr, the chief psychiatrist for the Federal Bureau of Prisons, who was asked by bureau chief Norman Carlson to conduct a psychiatric interview of Berrigan and Eberhardt the day after Dr. Coles interviewed the two men. From his interview—done, he has complained, in the presence of a prison physician, not alone as he requested—Coles found that Eberhardt was "agitated, frightened, near psychological panic, and in obvious psychiatric jeopardy" and that Berrigan was becoming "increasingly frightened, and anxious and, most significantly, depressed."

In his verbal report to Hendricks and Carlson, Barr took a somewhat different view. "I will say they are both under stress in prison," he said, "but 21,000 other inmates are also under stress." Barr nonetheless recommended that Eberhardt be put in a minimum security institution, and he was soon transferred to the Lewisburg prison farm where the threat of homosexual rape is considerably diminished. "Eberhardt wasn't exactly the all-American boy when it comes to following rules," Barr explained. "Nevertheless he did express a willingness to accept certain minimal restrictions."

Berrigan, however, was apparently less cooperative. Barr said he felt that Philip was cheering his brother Daniel on in his flight from justice and indicated that he wished he were out there with him. Therefore, Barr said, "I recommended that he not be referred to Allenwood or to the prison farm camp on the basis that that would not be in his best interest, or in the interests of the other inmates, or in the interest of the total administration of the prisons. Correction involves the willingness to assume responsibilities that are inherent in a free society." In short, Barr felt that Berrigan would better learn the responsibilities of a citizen of a free society by remaining in a maximum- or medium-security prison. Moreover, he recommended that Berrigan be transferred out of the Lewisburg complex "because of the communication between Allenwood and Lewisburg. Berrigan feels an obligation to continue in his role as a leader of the COs," Barr argued. "This is not in his own best interest. My judgment is that his proximity (to the COs in Allenwood and on the prison farm) increases his feelings of behaving as a leader and the behavior he would (then) exhibit would be self-destructive."

What can we make of all this? It would appear that COs present the prisons with real problems. Barr's assumption that a man like Philip Berrigan must recognize the error of his ways much as a convicted rapist ought to recognize the error of *his* ways seems positively frightening. But I do not think this alone makes Berrigan a political prisoner. What prison officials really fear, I suspect, is the possibility that by flouting the penal system, the Berrigans might encourage outsiders to take a closer look at what goes on behind prison walls. I am inclined to think that the Berrigans are not political prisoners so much as men caught in a system which does not yet know how to differentiate between resisters and other criminals. They do know, after a fashion, how to deal with prisoners that bring unwelcome public inquiries. There seems little doubt that the decision to transfer Philip to Danbury was made in large part as a result of the extraordinary interest which Senator Goodell and the press took in his case. And I think that Daniel Berrigan owes his relative good fortune in serving time with his brother at the "country club" of the federal prison system to the same kind of outside interest.

It will be interesting to see whether the press gets a chance to interview the Berrigans at Danbury. At Lewisburg, Warden Hendricks says the prison bars inmate interviews to "protect those inmates, the great majority, who do not want their stories spread all over the press for all to read. If any inmate wants to have his story told, he can tell his mother and she can talk to the press. That's up to the inmate and the mother." More important, the Berrigans have an opportunity to use the interest and sympathy they have built up among supporters to direct public attention toward those other prisoners— most of them black and poor and uneducated—who are victimized by our penal system. Here, it would seem, they face a real community of risk.

KENNETH L. WOODWARD

(*Kenneth L. Woodward is religion editor of* Newsweek.)

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The Discussion Continues

The following letters are in response to Daniel Berrigan's last published article from the underground, "How to Make a Difference," in the Aug. 7 Commonweal. *They were written before his apprehension.*

Rosemary Ruether

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: In regard to the recent writings of Dan Berrigan in *Commonweal* and elsewhere, I would suggest a small critique. I personally support both the 'actions' and Dan's activity in the 'underground,' which, I think, is one of the better scenarios of the times. But I support them only as a small piece of a very complicated process of social change. I find the tendency of Dan to absolutize this type of action very unhelpful, and the chief reason why many people, otherwise sympathetic, are turned off by his writing. There are, of course, many very competent people in these actions who have very different perspectives from Dan's, and it is unfortunate that Dan is often taken as speaking for them all.

The defect of Dan's ideology seems to me to be this: It is centered entirely on a type of radical personalism in which one becomes 'reborn' and a 'new man' by risking oneself and 'putting one's body on the line.' Several dangers result from this emphasis. First, there is a blindness to the many neurotic reasons why some people put their 'bodies on the line,' and a tendency to think that anyone who has other ideas is a moral fink. It also means that Dan becomes his own laboratory for the 'new man' and thus appears to be on a kind of ego-trip and creating a personality cult around himself, because his writings are centered primarily on himself.

Finally, this emphasis ignores and almost seems to reject a structural, political analysis. It appears to assume that evil lies primarily in the personal will, and people could be otherwise just by changing their minds. It ignores entirely the Marxist lesson that people's minds are largely the product of the socio-political-economic structures in which they are caught. Therefore it ignores structural analysis and change for personal self-change. Certainly personal change can do something, but it is impotent by itself. The solid block of reality refuses to be moved.

I recently had quite a different experience with revolutionary priests in Latin America. Here were priests that were suffering under political repression and danger that made much of the talk here about repression look rather juvenile. Yet the apocalypticism of the American movement was absent from their psychology. They saw their job in socialist structural terms. They were directed toward change in the social structures of oppression: the oligarchy, in alliance with the church, supported by North American military and industrial interests. They were entirely intent on their task, rather than seeming to, ever, reflect on themselves as the actors in a moral drama. I think the American Catholic radical movement badly needs some of that kind of objectivity.

ROSEMARY RUETHER

Walker Percy

Covington, La.

To the Editors: I think the Berrigans are wrong.

They have violated federal law, destroyed public property and terrorized government employees.

These actions they justify as the moral expression of their convictions about U.S. foreign policy.

It would follow, by the same logic, that a Catholic opposed to the use of public funds to promote population control could with equal propriety destroy the files of the Internal Revenue Service.

No society could long endure if many people resorted to the same violent, not to say illegal, means of translating belief into action.

But perhaps that is what the Berrigans want.

You and the Berrigans consider United States' policy in Southeast Asia to be criminal. It is hardly necessary to point out that a great many peoples, perhaps as decent, as courageous, as equally distressed by the Vietnam war, do not agree with you and the Berrigans. Shall the issue be determined then by the more successful stratagem of violence?

In these parts, the Ku Klux Klan burns churches and tries to scare people in various ways. Their reasons are, to them, the best: they do it for God and country and to save us from the Communists. I would be hard pressed to explain to a Klansman why he should be put in jail and the Berrigans set free.

As it happens, I stand a good deal closer to the Berrigans than to the Klan. The point is, however: God save us all from the moral zealot who places himself above the law and who is willing to burn my house down, and yours, providing he feels he is sufficiently right and I sufficiently wrong. . . .

WALKER PERCY

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NIXON AND THE INDIAN

Is Dick another Buffalo Bill?

RENNARD STRICKLAND and JACK GREGORY

In October of 1969, as a strangely allegorical drama, Arthur Kopit's *Indians,* prepared for an ill-fated Broadway opening, another drama was unfolding in Albuquerque, New Mexico. The occasion was the 25th annual convention of the National Congress of American Indians. The principal actors in the real-life Indian drama were the emissaries of the Nixon Administration—Vice President Agnew, Secretary of the Interior Hickel and Commissioner of Indian Affairs Bruce.

Back in New York, Kopit was seeking to tell the tale of Buffalo Bill who, in critic Walter Kerr's words, "befriended Indians, took their case to the White House, gave them star billing in his profitable vaudevilles . . . [and] sold them steadily and silently down a river of no return, righteously proclaiming that all men must 'adapt' to whatever the new circumstances are as he clasped hands with another brave while genially making another dollar." Meanwhile out in New Mexico, the trio from Washington was proclaiming to America's most powerful Indian lobby that Nixon did not intend to follow a Buffalo Bill policy—the Indian was to be master of his own fate.

The rhetoric of Albuquerque was admirable. But many of the Indians at the New Mexico conference had listened to these ritualistic governmental messages year after year. As one Indian explained, "it sure sounds good—but these speeches always do. My question," he added, "is what will Nixon's Indian policy *really* be?"

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The Red Man can be certain that Indian policy is an important concern of the Nixon Administration. The President has called it a matter of "highest priority." In fact, Nixon made the plight of the Indian an issue during the 1968 campaign. Speaking to the annual convention of the Congress of American Indians in Omaha, he told Indian leaders that "the Indian people have long responded to deprivation and hardship by seeking to utilize the processes of orderly change. We must seek to demonstrate to them that society is responsive to their patient pleas and help them to live among us in prosperity, dignity and honor."

Nixon was right in that the evidence of the failure of federal Indian policy is truly appalling. "The Red Man," President Johnson reported in a special message to Congress in 1968, "is the most poverty-stricken and economically deprived segment of our population [whose plight] dwarfs the situation of any other Americans in the worst ghettos." The statistics are long, cold and hard. They are almost overpowering. Gathered together, the facts establish, as Robert Kennedy once wrote in *Washington Report*, that the "first American has become the last American . . . with the opportunity for employment, education, decent income, and the chance for a full, rewarding life."

Income level, health conditions, housing standards, unemployment rate, educational level, statistics of crime and juvenile delinquency, all establish, as President Nixon stressed in his Omaha speech, that "American Indians . . . suffer . . . indignities that few disadvantaged groups in America suffer in equal measure." Yet to most Americans the Indian is little more than a quaint anachronism — specimen of a strange specie of wild animal that once roamed our forests and plains, hunting the buffalo and fishing the streams. The Indian is the vanishing American

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on the buffalo nickel, a remnant of the "Vietnam and Civil Rights problems of another age."

The Indian, however, is not a vanishing American. The Bureau of Indian Affairs estimates that there are 600,000 Indians living within the traditional Indian communities. Over 380,000 American Indians actually live on Indian reservations. More than a million Americans are said to follow Indian practices. In fact, census reports show the Indian as the fastest growing minority group in America.

By the time candidate Nixon had become President Nixon, it was 1969—called, by some, the year of the Indian. There was no doubt that by January, 1969, when Nixon took office, the Indian had become a "fashionable social cause." Indian folksingers with protest songs about the buffalo and distant drums were appearing on national television. The Pulitzer Prize was awarded N. Scott Momaday's novel *House Made of Dawn*, and an equally sensitive evaluation of Indian policy, called *Custer Died for Your Sins*, was an instant sell-out. To finish the year, groups of Indians closed off public beaches and seized the old prison at Alcatraz. Even *Playboy* featured an essay, but no center foldouts, on Indians.

Undoubtedly there are many reasons for the high priority assigned to Indian policy by the Nixon Administration. One is certainly Nixon's low level of popularity among the Negro minority and the strong belief that the so-called "silent majority" is becoming increasingly displeased with Negro militancy and will appreciate proof of achievement among the Indian minority. Indian grievances are well-documented, predating the arrival of the first Negro slave in Virginia. The lawyer-oriented Nixon Administration is, no doubt, pleased that the Indian has framed his grievances in terms of legal issue redressable within the existing governmental structure. The President has said so. "To their great credit," Nixon has noted, "the Indian people are not occupying themselves with the errors of the past but are striving for a brighter future in an active, constructive American society." Further, there is a feeling that the Indian offers a chance to demonstrate that private enterprise and minority capitalism may yet prove to be the best solution to problems of poverty, whether Indian, Negro, Puerto Rican or Appalachian.

In the long-range Nixon strategy of shifting domestic focus away from highly explosive questions, environmental control has become a major social issue. Americans thus have begun to realize that the Indian with his oneness with nature, his quest for vision, could be a teacher to us all. We are beginning to see that the Indian sings the songs of our forests, of our birds, and of our souls—that the Indian is of America and that he is America.

In the midst of this growing awareness of the Indian, Nixon faced the task of formulating his Indian policy. The man Nixon selected to evaluate old policy and advise on new alternatives was Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., an *American Heritage* editor. Although not an Indian, Josephy was greatly admired as the editor of the recent classic *Indian Heritage of America*, and recognized nationally for his work in the field of Indian affairs both as a consultant to Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall and as a Commissioner of the Indian Arts and Crafts Board of the Department of the Interior. He produced a hard-hitting document which established what Indian experts knew instinctively—the Bureau of Indian Affairs was in need of a thorough overhaul.

The Administration was influenced by the Josephy recommendations, but the cornerstone of the Nixon Indian policy was taken from the Omaha speech of candidate Nixon, three major points of which constitute the best summary: "(1) The special relationship between the Federal Government and the Indian people and the special responsibilities of the Federal Government to the Indian people will be acknowledged; (2) the right of self-determination of the Indian people will be respected and their participation in planning their own destiny will be encouraged; and (3) the economic development of Indian Reservations will be encouraged and the training of the Indian people for meaningful employment on and off the reservation will be a high priority item."

On Sept. 20, 1969, the President endorsed his earlier policy statements and affirmed the intention of the Bureau of Indian affairs "to help reach Indian-set goals." The President noted that "during the presidential campaign . . . . I pledged that my Administration would help Indians to reach goals they themselves had set. This emphasis on progress through participation on the part of the Indians is now the basis of this Administration's efforts. . . ."

Later, in a burst of post-fourth-of-July oratory worthy of the "Support America Rally," President Nixon signed a message sending a seven-point Indian proposal to Congress. Little immediate action is expected on the proposals, which include such items as expanded funds for economic development and health care, new independent agencies for tribal claims, an assistant secretaryship for Indian affairs, urban Indian centers, and transfer of many BIA programs to tribal management. In declaring that the history of Indian relations reflects "the white man's frequent aggression, broken agreements, intermittent remorse, and prolonged failure," the President is said to have impressed the Indians present at the signing.

Implementation of Indian policy has not been an easy task for the President. The appointment of Walter J. Hickel as Secretary of the Interior was not popular with many Indian groups. The reaction was shown in a cartoon which Hickel is fond of quoting—"If you liked Custer, you'll love Hickel." The Secretary likes to say that he hopes such cartoons will soon read: "If you like Indians, you'll love Hickel." But Indians are reserving judgment waiting final outcome of the Alaskan Indian claims which promises to be the major test of Administration Indian policy.

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Nixon inherited as Commissioner of Indian Affairs Robert L. Bennett, one of the few Indians to serve in that post but an individual identified with the Bureau image which Nixon wished to erase. Hickel described the process of looking for a replacement as "long and hard," resulting in "delay [that] caused a rightful concern." A successor was not named until early August of last year—Louis R. Bruce, a 63-year-old Ogala Sioux. Bruce, a graduate of Syracuse University, grew up on New York's St. Regis Mohawk Reservation, had considerable business and public relations experience, and was a charter member and secretary of the National Congress of American Indians. Even so, some Indians groups complained that Bruce was near the bottom of their list of acceptable Indians.

In testimony before the Congress, Bruce acknowledged that "the Bureau as a single agency is incapable of meeting the full range of problems manifested by Indians," then he set forth his vision of the goal of the Bureau of Indian Affairs: "to actively encourage, allow, and train Indian people to manage their own affairs under the trust relationship and to make the Bureau more responsive to Indian needs." In order to achieve these goals, the new Commissioner previewed creation of working task forces not to be of "long duration" but to finish an "intensive review . . . within the first six months of my administration."

In addition to special task forces, the Nixon Administration has created a bevy of boards, commissions and agencies. The new Vice-Presidential National Council of Indian Opportunity is composed of the heads of seven governmental agencies which work with Indian problems and six American Indian leaders. The Secretary of Interior's "Advisory Committee" is composed of Indian representatives and Interior Department representatives. The Commissioner has added "a strong inter-governmental relations unit" to coordinate programs and a special youth advisory committee. There are, doubtless, other new boards and committees.

One strength of the Nixon Indian policy is the high-quality staff coming to Indian agencies. Young Indians with specialized training, such as Woody Sneed, Harvard Law School graduate, who was Assistant Director of the University of New Mexico's immensely successful Indian law program, are being directly involved in developing Nixon's "new bureau."

The recruitment of new Indian talent in the Bureau of Indian Affairs has begun to open lines of communication between Administration officials and the Indian community. On May 5 the executive committee of the National Council of American Indians commended Commissioner Bruce in a resolution praising the "efforts made in the direction of more Indian involvement in Federal and State Indian affairs." With this resolution and a five-point Central Bureau Guideline issued by Bruce during the same period, the initial phase of administrative reorganization was drawing to a close.

By last October, when the Nixon Administration had created the framework of Indian policy, the stage was set for the annual convention of the National Congress of American Indians and the traditional speeches by national political figures which are a standard feature of the convention. This time, however, the Administration was prepared to outline significant new policy objectives to the delegates. These statements, presented by the Vice President, Secretary of the Interior and Commissioner of Indian Affairs, have come to be known as the Albuquerque Declarations.

The Vice President spoke of the newly created National Council on Indian Opportunity, and said it was "the first time in the history of Federal-Indian relations that the Indian people have had this type of official recognition and representation." Agnew spoke too of a "clear agenda for action" on which there were six items: the programs would tap the wealth of talent among young Indian leadership, resolve the unadjusted claims of native Alaskans, come to grips with the problems of California Indians living on public land without ownership, attack the problems of Indians isolated in remote reservations which lack sufficient resources, give priority attention to the increasing number of landless Indians now living in urban centers, and capitalize upon the unique relationship between the Indian people and the Federal government.

The Secretary of the Interior in his turn, reassured that "we are not a pro-termination Administration," one which favors an end to Indian lands. Hickel outlined policies of education and employment. Commissioner Bruce dwelled upon the creation of the inter-governmental relations unit and a restructuring of the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

Senator Edward Kennedy was present in Albuquerque to cast a shadow over the joyous recitation of Nixon's Indian goals. He hit hard at the weaknesses of past Federal policy and emphasized the startling fact that "there is one BIA official for every 18 American Indians." He proposed six specific programs, but the heart of his message was that "the BIA is incapable of reforming itself."

Ted was impressive, but much of the spirit of Robert Kennedy's magnificent crusade for Indian rights seemed missing. There was an oddly political overtone surviving from the unpleasant incident that spring when freshman Senator Henry Bellmon, a Republican member of the investigating team designated to accompany Ted Kennedy to Alaska, released confidential instructions revealing the planned political exploitation of the Indian conditions and the hearings. Nonetheless, Kennedy exposed the weakness of Nixon's Albuquerque statements, when he said "we need not more studies—we need action."

On Oct. 24 Commissioner Bruce delivered an important statement of amplification on the Albuquerque Doctrine. The speech was a thinly disguised rebuttal to the Kennedy analysis, though it absorbed some of the better suggestions from Kennedy's plan, including a "White

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House Conference on Indian Affairs." More particularly, Bruce stressed that his "leadership will be directed toward making the Bureau totally responsive and flexible to the needs and direction of Indian people. . . . I will help *you* put this thing together, not dictate its terms." He then stressed determination to revitalize the Bureau and said the Administration was "prepared to seek legislation if that is what is required to put this over."

Only in this statement had the magnitude of the Administration's Albuquerque pronouncements of dedication to self-determination become truly apparent. Nixon had, as we say in debate, shifted the "burden of proof." The initiative now rested with the Indian people. Indian leaders were told by their Commissioner that "the ball will be in your hands . . . You must provide the direction; you must step out in leadership; and you must be ready and willing to accept the responsibility that comes with this leadership."

The First Year

What does a review of Nixon's first-year activities in Indian affairs show? There were events of considerable importance, most only incidentally related to Nixon's policies. A Navajo Community College opened. Construction of plant sites on reservations advanced at a record pace. Law and order functions on reservations shifted to tribal administration. The shocking facts of inadequate Indian education were published. Torture and brutality at Indian boarding schools were revealed. Indians continued to leave the reservation to become trapped in urban Indian ghettos.

But during 1969 the broad outline of the Nixon Indian policy became clear. The specifics were less certain. Under Nixon the Bureau of Indian Affairs is to be "revitalized" to involve the Indian in decision-making. Self-determination is to be the cornerstone of all programs. Emphasis is to be placed upon substantial economic development and job-training. The Nixon Administration does not propose to preside over the elimination of the reservation system but rather to draw upon the "special relationship" between Indian and Federal government. At Albuquerque the pieces began to fall into place. But even then there were few details because these, in theory, must come directly from the Indian himself.

Now one impatiently waits for evidence of action in support of the Albuquerque Doctrine. In Washington there is almost a moratorium on discussion of Indian policy. Senator Fred Harris, whose wife LaDonna is an activist Indian, has taken a wait-and-see attitude. Congressman Ed Edmondson, long a member of important Indian committees, who represents Oklahoma's heavily-Indian Second Congressional District, has noted that "Nixon Policy on Indians is still uncertain, and it is still too early to predict its course."

Yet by July of 1970 some steps to implement Albuquerque were beginning to emerge. Bruce has been a veritable whirlwind supporting his policies with letters and speeches. Secretary Hickel continually reports progress to meetings of the National Council on Indian Opportunity. Actions in support of policy included "an executive realignment" signed by the Secretary designed to "greatly facilitate the flow of information from local areas to Washington," efforts to fill BIA jobs with individuals recommended by the Indian community, and "increased local control down to the local level whether in education, economic growth, or for control of such activities as utilities and road operation and maintenance." But, in sum, Nixon's first full year of Indian policy was, if it was anything, bureaucratic. It was a year of investigation and structuring.

As for the success or failure of the Nixon Indian policy, it rests in large measure with the Indian himself. Nixon has gambled that the Indian is willing and capable of responding to the challenge to create a better policy. Many old timers in the Bureau of Indian Affairs say that Nixon's policy is, for this reason, doomed to failure. There is no question that the burden on the Administration is great, for the rhetoric of Albuquerque holds out a hope for an Indian solution to an Indian problem. The Administration must, therefore, be ready and able to implement the vision of life which the Indian seeks to fulfill —a hard task when you consider that Americans have only recently learned that we may achieve our dream only to discover that we have been dreaming the wrong dream.

The Cold, Hard Facts

If you were an Indian. . . .:

—Your life span would be 42 to 44 years, 21 years shorter than that of your fellow citizens;

—Your income would be $1,500, 75 per cent below the national average, and $1,000 lower than the average black family;

—You would have, on the average, five years of schooling, and your probability of unemployment would be ten times the national average;

—The mortality rate of your child during the first year of life would be twice that of a white baby;

—The suicide rate of your teenager would be 100 times that of whites;

—The odds would be 2-to-1 that your child would never finish high school and 100-to-1 that he would not graduate from college;

—You would have a 400 percent greater chance of contracting tuberculosis and an 800 percent higher chance of acquiring hepatitis;

—You would likely live without plumbing or bathing facilities in a two- or three-room board shack.

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A notable first step in Nixon's "Indian solutions for Indian problems" was undertaken July 1, 1970, when the Secretary of the Interior transferred responsibility for directing reservation BIA programs from the Bureau superintendent to the tribal governor of the Zuni. Under the so-called "Zuni Plan," the tribe has outlined 43 proposals and set three major policy goals for "increased individual income, enhanced educational opportunities, and improved living conditions." Bruce acknowledged the turnover as "the first of many, . . . each . . . tailored to meet the specific needs of the tribe involved." Those who have watched commercial programs such as the Cherokee Cultural and Historical Center in Tahlequah, Oklahoma, look to the Zuni experience to see if it is possible for the Indian to create a workable solution for social problems within the framework of the Albuquerque Declarations.

The Future

The Indian is becoming more militantly conspicuous as 1970 moves on! Peter LaFarge's folksong image of "Indian drums beyond the Mountains . . . getting loud and clear" is coming to life as Jane Fonda and her band charge U.S. military posts demanding "justice for the Indian." Red Power remains a minority movement among the Indian peoples who have moved into an important transition period. There is a growing awareness of "Indianness" among all of the tribes, and Pan-Indianism, once only a projection of anthropologists, is now a reality. Indian studies programs are in operation and there is a growing literature of Indian discontent. The Indian art movement, under the tutelage of the Sante Fe Institute, is vigorously following a program of "cultural extension" merging the best of the traditional with the dynamism of newer trends and developments. The conditions for development of a broadly based Red protest movement are present in the Indian community. The flames have not yet been ignited.

The so-called "New Indian" has declared war not only upon the white man but also upon his own Uncle Tom-Tom and Uncle Tomahawk. The Indian protest press is becoming increasingly vocal in opposition to Nixon's BIA and his Indian policy. *The Warpath: More Indian Protest* (United Native Americans Liberation News Service, Spring 1970) is typical. A front page news story begins: "[You] never read about the lives that are ruined and wasted because of bureaucratic red tape and the callous employees who care more for their pay checks than they do about the American Indians. The time has come for American Indians to speak up and voice their opinions on what they think of this cancer that is feeding on the lives of American Indians. The time has come to expose the Bureau of Indian Affairs for what it really is, a colonialistic, bureaucratic monster that is made up of incompetent misfits, most of whom are non-Indian, who make their living misdirecting the lives of our 600,000 Indian people. The colossal failure of these disorganized misfits and their 'Mickey Mouse' programs that are as outdated as the Bureau itself, are becoming more apparent every day and something is going to have to give."

The Bureau of Indian Affairs, unlike the State Department of which it was once part (in the old War Department), is generally free from the glare of mass communication and such violent press attacks. Therefore, Bruce and his colleagues are free to develop and innovate with little need of public explanation. Implications of policy decisions in Indian affairs largely escape public scrutiny of the type that accompanies a Cambodian decision. Undoubtedly this is a real advantage in long-range planning.

But no governmental program long escapes accountability. Fall is rapidly approaching and again the Administration must send emissaries to the annual convention of the National Congress of American Indians. Nixon's BIA officials know that the speeches this year must contain more than the glowing platitudes of Indian solutions for Indian problems. A major testing of Nixon's policy will be at this convention. Accomplishments must be spelled out in black and white, for only then can Bruce and his lieutenants hope to enlist the support of the majority of the American Indians. A rhetoric which fails to come to grips with the tough issues, which fails to outline positive programs, to establish priorities, to admit failures as well as stress accomplishments will surely strengthen the hand of the Red militant and produce more seizures of public property and Fonda-style protests.

Rarely has an Indian administration had such an opportunity. The Red community is clearly at a crossroads, in a period of transition momentarily poised between orderly legal process and violent protest. The rhetoric of Albuquerque has laid the groundwork in support of present programs. Goals are clearly stated. The Indian community awaits evidence of good-faith implementation of these policy objectives. If the Nixon Bureau can show solid accomplishments, genuine movement in the direction of the stated goals, then we can expect the Indian to continue to frame his complaints in terms of legal issues redressable, as mentioned earlier, within the framework of existing governmental structures. Otherwise, the Indian militant will be given the tools with which to flame the fires of a justified discontent.

One hopes Nixon may succeed in transforming rhetoric into reality but, viewed in historical perspective, the outlook is not bright. In a sense, one is reminded of Dickens' description of revolutionary France. *It is the best of times*—the Albuquerque Declaration represents a dedication to self-determination and cultural extension. *It is the worst of times*—Ted Kennedy's figures show sinking standards of living, destruction of once proud life-ways. *It is the spring of hope*—a chance for the Indian to determine his own destiny. *And the winter of despair*—the realization that the Indian himself has no ready or easy solution to his problem.

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THE PURPOSE OF CHURCH

Christianity must be a most 'out-group' group

JAMES BURTCHAELL

It has been said by Voltaire that man has fashioned God after his own image and likeness. There is much truth to what he says. The theologies and mythologies of man's various religions display enough promiscuity and pettiness to suggest that most gods are patterned after their worshippers.

One tends to note not only in primitive but also in relatively sophisticated religions three particular characteristics of god, occupational risks that come with being divine. First of all, gods are strange; they do not react in the way that men do. They are somewhat capricious, and since gods are often understood in terms of human events, which are random and illogical, this air of the arbitrary usually invests most gods of our making. Secondly, gods tend to be understood as powerful. Man first of all identifies with god storms, victory in battle, birth and death, events of great power and awesome significance. Lord Acton said that all power tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely. It is perhaps not surprising then that many of the gods whom we consider to be so powerful are correspondingly corrupt and harsh and unlovable as we can be with power in our hands. The title "Lord" is a very ambiguous one for the Judeo-Christian god since it can remind us of the various chieftains in human society who oppress whom they rule. Thirdly, gods are intensely concerned with human behavior. Gods scrutinize the activities of man, not that they are subject to the whims of man, but that they take very seriously what men are doing.

If one adds up all of these characteristics of our gods, I think one would find that the divinity is not quite as nice as our better friends. Thomas Hardy, in *The Return of the Native,* makes some passing remarks about the heroine which may exemplify this. "Eustacia Vye was the raw material of a divinity. On Olympus she would have done well with a little preparation. She had the passions and instincts which make a model goddess, that is those which make not quite a model woman. Had it been possible for the earth and mankind to be entirely in her grasp for a while, had she handled the distaff, the spindle, and the shears at her own free will, few would have noticed the change in government. There would have been the same inequality of lot, the same heaping up of favors here, of contumely there, the same generosity before justice, the same perpetual dilemmas, the same captious alterations of caresses and blows, that we endure now." Christians have long thought that the god that they worship does not share in these corruptions and primitive crudities of pagan gods. I am not entirely convinced.

Religion, as has justly been pointed out, tends to be created by man to help him to flee the wrath of this frightening god, since fear must certainly be the primary reaction before such a god as would be fashioned after ourselves, yet more powerful. And it is the tendency of religions to devise magical rites, conceived not as a real transformation of man, but as means whereby God can somehow be pacified. Religion has also tended to be patronized by those who hold human power, and used as a sanction and a protection for their domination over their fellows. There has been strong insistence on belonging to the religious group, on performing the special rites which are pleasing to the god, and on conforming to the in-group ethic. Yet there is a force within Judaism and Christianity which has constantly resisted this corruption. This is the conviction that our god is gracious. It emerges slowly and irregularly, yet inexorably, in the theology of the covenants of Israel. God, it is believed, has a special predilection for Israel. Abraham, after all, had nothing to attract God: God chose him and continued to make choices of his favor, not because there was anything in Israel to attract his eye, but because he was a god who chose, a god who was gracious.

> For you are a people holy to the Lord your God. The Lord your God has chosen you to be a people for his own possession out of all the peoples on the face of the earth. It was not because you were more in number than any other people that the Lord set his love upon you and chose you, for you were the fewest of all peoples. But it is because the Lord loves you and is keeping the oath which he swore to your fathers that the Lord has brought you out with a mighty hand and redeemed you from the house of bondage, from the hand of the pharoah king of Egypt. Know therefore that the Lord your God is God, the faithful God who keeps covenant and steadfast love with those that love him, and keep his commandments to a thousand generations, and requites to their face those who hate him by

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destroying them. He will not be slack with him who hates him: he will requite him to his face. You shall therefore be careful to do the Commandment and the statutes and the ordinances which I command you this day. (DT 7, 6ff.)

There is in this brief passage a conflict, two pictures of God. On the one hand, there is a Lord who chooses Israel irrespective of Israel's merits. And yet there is the God who will continue to love Israel only on the grounds of Israel's merits. There are two views, one based on ethics and one based on grace. Jesus affords a further insight into his Father. Those who believe in Jesus are continuing to fashion a God after man's own image and likeness. But Jesus provides a new image and a new likeness which suggests a more worthy God, more awesome yet not fearful. Jesus gives the deepest of all meanings to the slogan "Like father, like son." Jesus, by his service to his brother, conveys that he does not scrutinize his brother before serving him, nor will he at any point change their relationship so that if there is no response he would cease to serve. Jesus is the most gracious of men, more gracious indeed than just a man can be. He conveys that his father in fact has no wrath. The surprise that Jesus reveals to man is that God is not two things at once, but that he has a single, unyielding attitude towards men, that he loves them, no matter what they do.

The statement that God loves sinners contains within it the remarkable repudiation of most of men's religious beliefs, which really do not accept that God loves sinners, but insist that one must stop sinning in order to be accepted by God. Jesus, through his death for those who kill him, reveals that his Father indeed cannot be pleased or offended because the Father loves men not for themselves—were it that way there would be no love—but loves them because *he* is good. It is not that the Father is attracted toward men and drawn out of himself by men, but that the Father, with his source of love in him rather than in us, cannot behave in any other way than to love. Jesus revealed a Father who does not react to men, who does not put before men his commandments, await their response, and then deal with them according to their response. He initiates love toward men. He is the source and in no way the responder. The God whom Jesus worships as his Father, and invites us to worship similarly, is a God who is neither capricious nor arbitrary with his power, nor scrutinizing of our behavior, in order to decide how to behave toward us.

I believe this is what the gospel is conveying though not single-mindedly, since this is too incredible to be entirely believable even by the Evangelists, and even the New Testament contains many suggestions of a God of wrath. But if this be true, as it seems to thrust out of the New Testament, then Jesus' purpose is not to save men. The entire understanding of Jesus as savior seems to partake of a myth of salvation which is thoroughly unChristian. Let me try to characterize the salvation myth. It will only be a caricature but not, I hope, an unjust one.

According to this myth the Father created the world out of total benevolence. From the beginning he imposed obligations of rectitude upon men, which were somehow disobeyed, and men alienated God. A long period ensued when God turned his face away from men; some of the literature almost suggests that God went into a solemn pout for a period of years which varies according to the arguments between geologists and Old Testament scholars. But basically, God was hostile. Yet in his heart of hearts he retained a certain affection for his misbehaving children, and arranged that his son would become man and through his obedience and acceptance of suffering and death, would appease him. After the protocols had been observed, the Father would then turn back with justice toward

men, since there was at least one man who deserved to be loved, and all men huddling behind him could be similar recipients of the Father's appeased affection.

All of this myth, with its metaphorical imagery of the gates of heaven being temporarily closed, suggests a sort of heaven where one would not really care to go. If heaven is the residence of the Father of Jesus, then it can have neither gates nor walls. It can be no place from which man could ever be excluded. The Father could not be alienated, but men could. If the Father is constant and we are not, then all turning away of faces must be by men and not by the Father; and if we have fear, it must be for ourselves, not for him. And if the short passage through time and life is crucial to man's eternity, it must be that man is capable of coming to death so alienated and wrapped up in himself, that even if he confronted the Father he would no more notice him than the neglected brother he had previously ignored. God would not be a punisher after death, but the awful tragedy would be that a man through a short period of time could so corrupt and damage and blind and kill himself that he could come face to face with the Most High, and not notice for eternity. There would be no punishment; there would simply be the love of God lost upon a man who could no longer receive or respond.

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Thus Jesus' purpose would not be in any way to draw God back to men but to save men by drawing them back to the Father. He would precisely reveal that the Father loves all men. Most religions make it their business to insist that God loves his worshippers. Jesus' purpose is quite the opposite: to reveal that all men, no matter what their attitude toward God, receive his unyielding affection. And that is why those who first believed called it "good news."

Most religion is bad news. It is good news that the Father can in no way be alienated from us despite our unworthy behavior. Christians, as I say, tend to find this most unbelievable, and we go on creating myths which are spin-offs of the basic salvation myth. Most of the metaphors we use for intercession are highly unworthy. Let me simply give an example with which we are all familiar. There is the myth of Mary. You live, you die, and you go to heaven. You go up to the main gate; there is a rather severe, old man at the front gate, who shows very little interest and no sympathy. However, upon appeal he sends for the Master of the house, Christ the Lord, the King of Kings, who comes to the door and sees that you are a sinner. You are told you do not belong here, you have had your chance. Overwhelmed with guilt and chagrin, before descending to hell where you belong, you take a circuit of the walls, and at the back door the door happens to open, and there is a large, housewifely sort of woman, somewhat bosomy, with a little wisp of hair awry, a mother who looks out and sees you wandering as an orphan, and asks what is wrong. You say you can't get in, so she tells you to wait there. She appeals to her son to let you in, and her son relents and says, "How can I say no?" I don't mean to make fun of this, but it deserves to be made fun of. It is a myth which suggests that Mary is more loving than Jesus Christ, and that any human being is more believable as an affectionate mother or father than God.

The whole necessity of intercession by others to God suggests that somehow men would rally to us more quickly than the Lord. The entire idea of mediation must be that it is not *from* us to appease a difficult an intractable God, but that it is *to* us, from God to a stiff-necked and blind people. Thus, the purpose of Jesus would not be to save but to reveal that there is a Father who is at work saving all men, who at all times touches the hearts of men to draw them out of themselves into ever deeper love toward their neighbor.

What would this salvation be? A growth from defense to love. How would it be elicited? By receiving this sort of love from brother to brother that would suggest the love from the Father to us. It would come from grace encountered in your neighbor evoking grace as a response; from gratuity which would solicit graciousness. Salvation would be going on at all times in the hearts of men unwittingly or consciously. It would not be the purpose of Jesus Christ to invite men to transact with the Father, but to announce to them that this has always gone on.

In this way salvation history would be a very ambiguous concept. My colleagues in biblical studies have for some time been making a great deal out of salvation history. God is particularly seen in the events of Israel which, if viewed realistically, are really no different from those of any other nation. They won a few battles, they lost a few. They had some good kings, but most of them were lousy. There is nothing peculiar about the history of Israel, and things are distressingly unparticular in the history of the church. The salvation history of the world really goes on in the hearts of all men, not exclusively within Israel or the church. The function of Jesus is to announce to all men that the Father loves even those who do not know the Son, or if you will, that the invisible mission of the Spirit is wider than the visible mission of the Son.

Jesus and the Church

What then of the church? Here I would like to refer to some interesting attitudes of Jesus in the gospel. Jesus is remarkably and constantly diffident about religion. He is very faithful in his attendance at the temple, yet when people point to the temple with a fair amount of pride ("feel those walls"), Jesus says it's not going to be there long. Jesus, as far as we can ascertain, is very faithful about his obligations in the performance of sacrifice, yet he is very wry as he watches men going to the Temple and points out how much hypocrisy is going through the doors. The gospels go out of their way to show how much time he spends in prayer. He leaves large crowds which excite the enthusiasm of his disciples, leaves them entirely and vanishes in order to pray. And yet when he talks about prayer, his forehead furrows and there is a note of caution; be careful about prayer, he says—many men pray for the crowd. He gives alms and yet Jesus insists many men give alms, looking out the corners of their eyes. There is some fasting among his followers, but not as much as among others, since Jesus insisted that a lot of fasting was simply an attention-getter. In every way he suggests that religion can be phonied up because it involves public expression, and public expression has to be for one's neighbor, and not simply for the Father.

Yet when he himself talks about how he will judge men it is interesting that religion in no way comes into the discussion. In the parable in Matthew 25, Jesus insists that men will be judged neither by religious fidelity nor by the specific religious commandments of Israel. They will be judged on whether they have fed, housed, clothed, refreshed, healed, consoled, their neighbor in need. And elsewhere, as he dwells on this, he talks about taking in the orphans off the streets, providing

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a home for the widows where there is no social security, burying the neglected bodies, caring for people with contagious diseases. The very things which Jesus insists upon as religious are in no way religious. He constantly turns attention away from ritual activities to secular service of neighbor in need. What he peculiarly insists upon is in no way peculiar to religion.

In a word, the only place one can find the Father is in one's brother, and in the transaction of goods and services which will help that brother to become nourished and to grow. If this be so, then the church can claim to have no franchise on grace, no exclusive distributorship within this world for the gift of the Father. Nor indeed can it claim to offer activities which in any way afford a short circuit around one's neighbor. There are no direct transactions with the Father: no one has ever spoken to him, no one has ever heard him. There are no words which are believable if spoken to him, if they are not a reproduction of what one speaks to one's neighbor. No man can claim to love the God whom he does not see, if he cannot love the brother whom he does see. Thus, the most crucial activities of Christians are not peculiar to Christians. Christianity must be absorbed in what is not particular to Christianity. It must be a most 'out-group' group. The church would be an agency of service, understanding of course that in washing the feet of the world, one is doing far more than appears.

A year ago a bill was introduced into the Oregon legislature, intended to remove tax exemption from churches, athletic associations, and fraternal lodges, meanwhile preserving the tax exemptions of orphanages, hospitals, and other similar institutions. The bill did not pass, but what is perhaps more important is that a significant number of legislators felt that in reviewing tax-exempt organizations they should draw the line between those that serve themselves and those which serve others. And it was very clear to them on which side churches fell. They may not be too far from the truth. Yet the church is not just one other service organization in a society which already abounds with them. Ironically enough, the church's main competitor today is the state, which has in some ways become the new church, the earth-mother, the all-giving bosom to the children of the nation. The church acts in the belief that its service must be revelatory as the service of Jesus was, and its purpose is not simply the secular succoring of neighbor, but the conveyance to neighbor of more than bread alone, in the belief that when man gives bread he does not give bread alone.

The Christian ethic in a way leads directly into ritual. The Christian's first obligation, which is the obligation of every man but perhaps seen with more urgency by the Christian, is the service particularly of the neighbor in need who cannot repay in kind, and therefore is not involving one in a cycle of a mutual service. Yet this should be a service of such incredible generosity, such inexplicable self-sacrifice, that it would provoke inquiry by the person served. "Why have you loved me thus?" When service speaks thus, it is preaching; and I do not think that preaching is legitimized except on the heels of such service. If one could believe that his neighbor loves him in this way, with no motive, and that God had such a character—although so much better than we could ever intimate by our own service—then one would join with him who served him in ritual and worship.

Ritual, which the church rightly regards as peculiar to itself, would be the celebration of the belief of Christians that in human exchanges there is more than meets the eye. The eucharist, with its exchange of what appears to be bread and wine, would in fact be the celebration of the belief of those there that in sharing food and drink much more passes between men than appears on the surface—it is the very life of God which grows within men in their exchanges. Ironically, ritual would be an interruption in the real transactions between men, the costly ones. In order, briefly but necessarily, to celebrate in a ritual transaction one's belief that the secular business of life is where one meets the Father.

The sacrament of penance, once again, would not be based upon the claim that forgiveness is found in some special ritual, rather than in reconciliation between brothers. It would be a brief interruption in the real business of forgiveness which is the constant day-to-day reconciliation we are obliged to, in order to celebrate our belief that when brother reveals sin to his brother, which he does not ordinarily see, brother is reconciled not simply to brother but to Father. The sacraments would be the constant celebration of the ongoing surprise in the Christian community which we never should tire of: that we could be so loved. And yet this ritual itself would have no justification if it did not more intensely send us back to serve our neighbor.

There is a kind of healthy confusion here. When we hear the word which is the good news that we are so loved by the Father, it can not come simply from hearing words, but from feeling the hands, the full hands of those who care for us before we care for them. Our first response would be to care back, but only at first. Very soon we would turn to still others in more need than ourselves, and try to bring the best out of them, which would be their response to us. Ironically, the response of the believing Christian is to try to draw others to love him, knowing that that is the best favor he can afford. If his service is so incredibly generous that it provokes astonishment and inquiry, then it becomes a revelation, and preaching. This preaching must primarily be directed, not to those who already share the surprise, but to those who do not yet believe it, do not suspect it—but would like to. And lastly, there would be an assembling of those who are overcome by this in worship, an ongoing celebration of those who

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know what is involved in their daily life.

Now the church as it is, appears to be self-serving, self-preaching, self-celebrating. Most of the fiscal resources of the Christian churches are expended on themselves. The church, I suppose, does not even tithe. It is distressing how able we are, according to a sort of Parkinsonian absorption of funds, to spend on ourselves any amount we gather. It is, of course, spent "for God," but this identification of God with self is a very tricky one. Most of our preaching is to ourselves, to those who already believe or at least have disbelieved for so long that they don't realize that they don't. And most of our liturgy has perhaps distressingly little to celebrate, since as a group we are not too different perhaps from a fraternal lodge.

Now there is a strong and hopeful present trend in the Christian churches, or church, to draw attention away from themselves to the world, to celebrate secular values; but this is a very ambiguous trend, since what I would hope for in the church is an attempt to draw attention to the Lord. Our business is to preach the gospel, which is not about ourselves—we should not be conducting membership drives, not improving or reforming the church. I think we should be drawing attention to values which are sacred, although they appear to be secular, to point out that service, whether rendered by the government, or by private institutions, or by one man in secret, or by a family, involves actions which are eternal.

We have had enough stale consideration of what we can do to be more proud of our church. Let us ask rather how we can convey to our brothers that they are loved far more than we can ever suggest to them, and yet convey it through the hint of our own generosity. In the last few months we are hearing a great deal about the massive national and international discouragement which invests our families, our churches, our nations, our universities: a wringing of hands, a repudiation, a feeling of despair, a sense of suicide. I daresay that the only way to overcome our despair is through hope; and the only hope we can offer is not simply our own endeavors, but the resonance from those endeavors, of a love which they can never quite contain, but which we must look forward to, while we but taste it now.

Bonus Copies Delay

Copies of Commonweal Papers IV, "The Church in the Year 2000," are in stock at a printing plant shut down by a strike. We regret the unforeseen delay in providing this special issue promised to New Subscribers. Mailing wrappers are all addressed, and we plan to send out the copies as soon as they are released by the printing plant.

ALL-AMERICAN HISTORY

THE SCREEN

John Wayne can run through directors the way Catherine the Great ran through courtiers. Recently he's been wearing out two at once—Henry Hathaway and Andrew McLaglen—the latter of which has just released *Chisum,* his third Wayne feature in a year. The film deals with the Lincoln County (N.M.) Cattle War that made Billy the Kid famous, and covers roughly the same ground as Arthur Penn's earlier biography of Billy, *The Left-Handed Gun.* What McLaglen's version adds to Penn's, and to history, is John Chisum, a cattle baron only peripherally involved in the actual war. Chisum, played by Wayne, now becomes the chief protagonist of L. G. Murphy (Forrest Tucker), the land grabber who precipitated the war.

This is of course the film that's received a publicity boost from President Nixon, even though, as the press was quick to point out, it seems to sanction taking the law into one's own hands. The film works by a kind of mechanical morality that's inherent in Westerns. The good guys, led by Chisum, are paired off in personal grudges against the bad guys, led by Murphy. Then in a pitched battle, each man seeks his nemesis for the showdown. Tucker and Wayne climax the action, thrashing about like a couple of brontosauri, until the former is hoist on his own long horn and peace comes at last to the valley.

The violence the film does to history makes no more difference to McLaglen and Wayne than to Nixon. Nor does the fact that the duly constituted authorities happen to be on Murphy's side. Everybody knows who's in the right: that's what's wrong with the film. Like Nixon, one suspects, McLaglen is nostalgic not about the old West, nor even the old Western but about a time, 20 or 30 years ago, when movies such as this were swallowed whole by the American people. Oh for the days when we could all agree, without so much bickering, who the good guys and the bad guys were.

Two other Westerns just released—*The McMasters* and *Soldier Blue*—have been made with more of an eye to the present. *Soldier Blue* is about a liberated woman, Cresta Marybelle Lee (Candice Bergen), who cusses, belches, squats on her hunkers, spits in the eye of most white men, and laughs in the face of rape. The only historical message the film has for us is that a Hollywood leading lady can now do such things without ruining her romantic image. But director Ralph Nelson thinks he has a much more profound message from history to deliver.

Cresta has been liberated by two years captivity with

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Fall Prospect

BESIDES THE RECENT signing of the West German-Russian friendship pact, several parleys this season carry renewed hope for peace in the world: Israel-Egypt, the resumed Paris peace talks and the all-important US-Soviet negotiations adjourned from Vienna to Helsinki on limiting nuclear armaments. Among the most significant Fall meetings will be the European Assembly of Priests at Amsterdam and the World Conference on Religion and Peace in Japan. And with Congressional by-elections as well, it will be a key season to keep posted.

Commonweal will be bringing to its readers the insights of such writers of eminence in their respective fields as Eugene C. Kennedy, Michael T. Klare, Anne Fremantle, Martin Marty, Eric Cochrane, Michael Novak, Linda Kuehl, Gerald Weales, Bishop Francis Simons, Edward T. Chase, Joseph Blenkinsopp, Saul Maloff, Gregory Baum, Ruth Beinart and Dr. Robert Coles.

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the Cheyenne. While a cavalry detail is retrieving her, the Cheyenne attack and inadvertently set her free again, this time with Pvt. Honus Grant (Peter Strauss), the only other survivor of the raid. She and Honus wander in the wilderness between white and red man's civilization until she learns the cavalry plan to wipe out the Cheyenne camp. Then she returns to the Indians just in time to witness the Sand Creek Massacre of 1864, when 600 troopers killed 500 Cheyenne, mostly women and children.

Nelson recreates the whole massacre with special effects. He wants a personal revenge on all American history from Sand Creek to My Lai. But his motives for making the film finally seem as self-deceptive as the cavalry's motives for murdering the Cheyenne. He too has been seduced by the violence and cheap thrills.

Black actor Brock Peters is more honest to his work. Chevron Pictures cut from *The McMasters,* Peters' new film, a scene in which he shows remorse for having abused his Indian wife (Nancy Kwan). So Peters sued to have his name removed from the credits. (Two versions of the film are circulating until the issue is settled.) Unfortunately the film isn't as interesting as this real-life drama it's caused. Like *Chisum,* it's a mechanically moral tale about ranching in New Mexico.

Since this rancher, Benjie, is a black man, the local bigots try to run him off. Led by Jack Palance, who hasn't overacted so superbly since *Shane,* they poison his cattle, rape his wife, kill his partner (Burl Ives), and eventually burn him out. But again the actors' gestures and twists of plot are all encoded to elicit stock reactions from us. When Benjie rejects the friendship of two town liberals, we know they'll soon pull some liberal cop-out, and desert him. They don't disappoint us either.

Unlike *Soldier Blue,* however, *The McMasters* improves itself during the last few minutes. It's been a popular cynicism on the Left to equate the black man's fate in this country with the Indian's. But at the film's end Benjie sets out once more to reclaim his land, even though his Indian brother-in-law objects, "No, Benjie! You're one of us now." This is an original suggestion on the film's part. Maybe Benjie isn't one of them. Maybe the black man is going to refuse the dignity of annihilation, opting instead for survival, citizenship, and power on whatever terms he can pry them loose. That would make him a more dangerous adversary than the Indian ever was. Watch out, President Nixon.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

Summer Schedule

In keeping with the usual practice, *Commonweal* has been appearing on alternate weeks during the summer months. The next issue will be dated September 18. We will then resume our normal weekly publishing schedule.

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BOOKS

War resisters and attitudinal changes

In the Service of Their Country War Resisters in Prison

WILLARD GAYLIN

Viking, $6.95

MURRAY POLNER

Should the day ever come when we can look back at the Vietnam Years we shall have to study very closely indeed the young men who came of draft age in that time. Generally speaking, healthy young men had five alternatives. They could accept the draft; join the National Guard and Reserves; desert; go into exile; or resist and choose to go instead to prison.

Each carried with it special demands. For some people those choices were incredibly, even unbelievably immoral. Shirley Chisholm recently pointed out that one hawk in Congress has six sons, all safely tucked away in the Reserves. This spring *Congressional Quarterly* uncovered more revealing evidence about men who send other men's sons to fight wars. Since 1965, 118 sons of members of the House and Senate received draft deferments out of a total of 234 eligible for the draft. Of these, 48 served in the armed forces, but not in Vietnam, 11 per cent or 26 of them did serve in Vietnam. And of these only one was wounded and none was killed. Not a single member of the super-hawkish House Armed Services Committee had a son or a grandson in Vietnam.

In the end, the times drove other young men into a war half the country heartily disapproved of or into exile or into prison. A rather shabby record even for the cold warriors.

This book is about the third group, the men forced into prison because they refused military service on grounds of conscience, whether as a result of formal religious training or not. Incarcerated, ostracized, punished for a crime far less serious than say, a routine B-52 raid, they represent the sour side of contemporary America, the new version of the prisoner of conscience. They join the exiles in Europe and in Canada, the Spocks and the Coffins and the Selective Service file-burners who in their own ways have chosen to say "with the gift of our liberty, if necessary our lives and our reputations, the violence stops here, the suppression of the truth stops here, this war stops here."

Willard Gaylin, a Columbia University psychiatrist, offers us the opportunity to look systematically if tentatively into the lives of a small group of resisters who went to jail. It is of more than passing interest to note here that one researcher recently reported that exiles in Canada openly sneered at the idea of entering an American prison for resisting the war. Going to jail, they said, was a pointless sacrifice, a bearing of witness for a country hardly worth the effort. Or as someone else asked: Why support the move for amnesty? Would Willy Brandt have accepted amnesty from the Nazis?

Gaylin's young convicts would not have agreed with these sentiments at least at the start of their sentence. There was, among the whites, a touching faith in the American Dream, one which they could not surrender easily. They refused to abandon a nation which had abandoned them. Gaylin visited them time and again in what was probably Danbury and Allenwood and found them to be idealistic, ethical, deeply upset by prevailing injustices.

He found too that their families, their broader social groups and the furious times in which they grew to manhood all played a role in shaping them, in allowing them to accept unjust punishment for what could hardly be considered a crime anywhere else but in a state at war with itself.

Going back repeatedly to the two prisons, Gaylin spent much time with six resisters. He tells us what everyone who has been inside a prison must surely know, that it is a nasty place, that punishment is often arbitrary, that rehabilitation is a dirty word and that too frequently the guards and supervisory personnel are mediocre hacks. More significantly, he also found that most of the resisters had undergone attitudinal changes. It was, he writes, "an almost unanimous conversion," usually moving away from nonviolence to despair and cynicism and an easy acquiescence in force. Several examples are cited.

From an ex-Catholic seminarian: "When I came in here I knew precisely where I stood. I would have called myself a Christian pacifist. Now that has all changed. . . . The pacifist as an act of reason, the Christian as an act of despair."

From another prisoner: "Before I believed in dialogue. . . . Since then I've learned they don't pay any attention to your arguments. If they try again to put me back in jail I'll simply leave the country. It doesn't mean that much to me anymore."

From a black resister: "As far as violence is concerned, at one time I didn't buy it. But I'm beginning to see the advantages of what the brothers mean when they talk about going out and taking off a cop."

From another resister: "The longer I'm here, the more I doubt write-ins, marches . . . perhaps the only thing—*is* violence."

To be sure, these resisters do need to be amnestied, for while their imprisonment may satisfy some in this country, it is a graphic reminder of what this war is all about. Gaylin's excellent book, therefore, brings them to our attention. But it does even more, telling us once again, if we need at all to be reminded, that hundreds of thousands of the flower of this country

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have been killed and wounded and exiled and jailed by men who care not at all about them. We can forgive errors of judgment but such callousness is quite another matter.

Portrait of India

VED MEHTA

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $12.95

ANNE FREMANTLE

Ved Mehta's dust-jacket has an elephant on it, and this indeed is an elephant of a book, in fact, a mammoth. There are a hundred Indias, he tells us, and he describes some, deplores others, attacks some, defends others, enjoys some, and has empathy for them all. For he is himself an Indian, born in Lahore, a doctor's son, educated in the U.S. and at Oxford.

India, he quotes President Kennedy as saying, contains 40 percent of all the free peoples in the uncommitted world, is a parliamentary democracy with universal suffrage, has a stable government with an efficient civil service, and a mixed economy of private and public ownership. Yet in the Mizo hills, the military have been given a free hand since 1967, and village sites have been bombed in the hope of flushing out guerrillas. Yet an Indian military leader explained to Mr. Mehta how they started regrouping all the people in Nagaland from 3,000 villages into 200 and told them anyone seen outside the stockades at night would be shot. Yet the population growth since Independence "by some estimates, as much as a 150 million" has cancelled out the increase in the economic growth rate, and "unless food production can be increased faster than the population explosion, all development is meaningless," as V. K. Ramaswami, an economist connected with the Planning Commission, declared.

Mr. Mehta realizes that "because of the country's poverty and the government's power. . . . the politicians, the ideologues, and the economists, are, in a sense, forever gambling against hunger and the vagaries of the monsoon rains."

And what hunger! C. Subramian, Minister of Food, Agriculture and Community development, declared in Washington that "between 35 and 40 percent of the children of India have suffered permanent brain damage by the time they reach school age because of protein deficiency." Which means, he adds, that India is producing sub-human beings at the rate of 35 million a year. What Mr. Mehta saw in the famine-struck areas of Orissa and Bihar he cannot bring himself to write, other than to say that he was left feeling that "everything at the center of my life . . . was beside the point."

He does, however, bring himself to write about Calcutta, which he says "has been seen as a perfect reflection of India as a whole and as a test case to determine whether India can ever succeed in building a modern, industrialized, nation." The population of Calcutta exceeds that of Australia, and half of it routinely uses unfiltered water for drinking and bathing. Cholera is endemic in the entire delta, and most of Calcutta is without municipally organized sewerage systems, without piped drains or sewers; and most people use primitive communal latrines, low, cramped open brick sheds with platforms over earthenware bowls on dirt floors. Only about half the city is sewered; in the rest, sludge and ordure are carried in open gutters along the street surface. "Where is the criminal who is to be hanged for the stench, the Big Calcutta Stench?" Rudyard Kipling asked, and Mr. Mehta, after visiting some of the *bustis* (slums), quotes Lenin's dictum: "the road to world revolution lies through Peking, Shanghai and Calcutta."

But Mr. Mehta does not only quote others. He visits, smells, touches and feels. For example, he visits Mother Theresa, of the Missionaries of Charity, who has been in Calcutta since 1929 and runs a Home for the Dying; a children's home; 16 schools (in the 1961 census one half of the population over five was illiterate); eight mobile clinics for lepers; seven mobile clinics for the poor, etc. She picks up anyone she sees dying in the streets—most of

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them are cases of starvation.

The day Mr. Mehta visited her Home, there were 68 males and 74 females dying there. Of the 18,000 so far collected, 10,000 recovered, mores the pity, since they were turned back on to the streets to face the old problems of starvation and filth. Though Mr. Mehta declares he can find no words to describe Calcutta's misery, he asks himself how the human species could have reached such a point of degradation and adapted to it.

In Bombay he describes one slum area where 487 illicit stills were operating in a one-mile radius (Bombay is dry). The distillers hid vessels of fermenting mash in cesspools, using rancid meat, frogs, lizards and cockroaches to speed the fermentation process. In the red-light district, the prostitutes, some only nine or ten, live four to a room, and can never escape: they are made to work for as many hours as they can physically endure. The price varies, six *annas on a cot, four on the mat.* Poverty, Mr. Mehta concludes, "is another form of death."

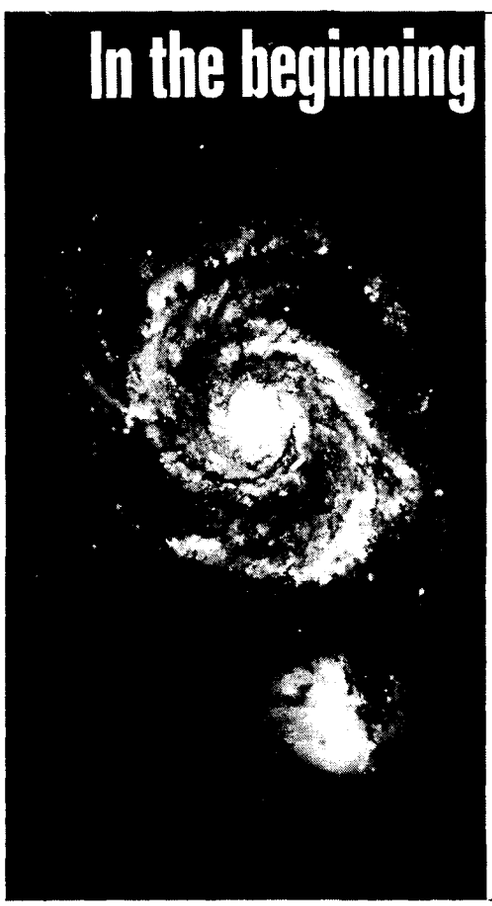
But poor India, smelly India, filthy India, randy India, starving India, are only some of the hundred Indias. Mr. Mehta gives his readers religious India also. He describes the Kumbha *mela* at Prayaga, where in 1954, 500 pilgrims were trampled to death or swept into the river, and thousands were injured. Among the holy folk he meets are Satyababama, a leading *guru*, bearded, bulky, lying naked on a lion's skin, and Ananda, whom he and all others call "Ma," who advises Mr. Mehta to be a vegetarian but to avoid onions since "they heat up the nerves and make the heart go faster." (Arthur Koestler describes her in his *The Lotus and the Robot.*)

Mr. Mehta gives us artistic India too, describing musicians, night-club performers, film-makers, writers and painters.

He offers martial India also, visiting the menaced frontiers, Kashmir, the North East Frontier Agency (NEFA), Sikkim with its American-born queen, Hope Cooke, Bhutan and Nepal. He does not understand why the Chinese withdrew unilaterally when they stood almost on the plains of Assam, then declared a cease-fire. Indeed he and the *New York Times* seem to have been equally mystified, yet he admits that "The Chinese, in a sense, had won the political war" while India continues to spend "with mixed results" nearly a billion and a half dollars (3.5 percent of her Gross National Product) on defense. Also, he admits that "recent researches have cast India's claims . . . into the limbo of doubt." But "even if India's claims were not valid" Mr. Mehta was told by military officials, "it would make little difference, since . . . no country ever voluntarily cedes territory."

As to the question of Tibet, Mr. Mehta visits the Dalai Lama in exile and quotes him extensively, but does not mention such "instruments" as the 1906 convention between Great Britain and Russia by which both then recognized the sovereign rights of China on Tibet (even the Dalai Lama admits Chinese "suzerainty"); nor that in 1909 the then Dalai Lama, like his successor today, took refuge in India (Darjeeling) while the then Panchen Lama, Tibet's number-two religious leader, moved into the Potala palace in Lhasa, like his successor today. The 1911 Chinese revolution restored the then Dalai Lama, and today's incumbent looks toward the "third or fourth generation of Chinese rulers," who might be more reasonable about Tibet. During the discussion of the question of Tibet at the U.N., Mr. Sastroamidjoyo (Indonesia) said "this entire item involves in the first place the relations between the peoples of China and Tibet. How then can we proceed in the absence of the representatives of the Peoples Republic of China? The plain answer is that we cannot proceed without them. Under the present circumstances the debate on the question of Tibet can serve no other purpose than to intensify the cold war."

Mr. Mehta takes his readers to industrial India also. Which he illustrates by the story of the Bhilai and Bokaro



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plants. The Bhilai steel plant was built by the USSR, but the town was designed entirely by Indians. Though Mr. Mehta recognizes that "the people here, as a community, live better than people elsewhere in India" its garden-city layout does not seem to appeal to him. "There are no twisted gullies and alleyways, no crowded snarled lanes, no cows lounging in the streets, no stray dogs yelping at the heat, no litter, no stenches or acrid smells . . . Bhilai has well-organized shopping centers and the hush of the perfect suburb."

He does, however, commend the "new-found dignity of the workers," and visits the Soviet experts at Bhilai, one of whom tells him: "Forty years ago, Czarist Russia was as poor as India. With our social system, in a very short time we in the Soviet Union have reached the industrial level of the United States."

As to Bokaro, the Indian engineer Purtej Singh tells Mehta that "America wouldn't build the plant in Bokaro because she did not wish to build a plant to help develop a Socialist state." This remark is borne out by the report Mr. Mehta quotes of the United States Committee to Strengthen the Security of the Free World, headed by General Lucius D. Clay, which in 1963 declared that "while we cannot insist upon the establishment of our own economic system despite its remarkable success and progress" when aiding foreign countries "we should not extend aid which is inconsistent with our beliefs." Simultaneously it was pointed out in the U.S. House and Senate that "an expanded steel industry in India might one day close the Asian market to American steel altogether." The Bokaro project was therefore shelved. Predictably, a year later, in 1964, the Soviet Union offered India the necessary financial and technical assistance to begin the building of Bokaro.

Throughout this immense book—all of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*—the reader rejoices on every page. Whether Mr. Mehta is describing the crowd of Ladakhis bringing baskets of grass to the airport to feed the flying iron horses, or the military commander of NEFA growing lettuce and cucumbers for sandwiches, or the cows crowding up to the Bhilai steel-plant to keep warm, or Mrs. Gandhi being drawn by Felix Topolski, Mr. Mehta's prose, like his imagination, is felicitous. *Bene meruit de patria.*

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Recollections

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE

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SERGE HUGHES

Recollections—but not such as are gathered in tranquillity. Anything but! The memories of a revolution, that of 1848, and dated all of three years later. The most disciplined political analyst would have trouble maintaining a detached stance so soon after the event, and de Tocqueville, God be praised, is no exception. The urbane tone and style notwithstanding, the author is still the brilliant, apprehensive and deeply committed partisan of *Democracy in America.* The overall point of view is still the same: that the revolution of 1848, like the American Revolution, has no place in it for romantic yearnings for what is irretrievably dead; that political history is irresistibly moving in an egalitarian direction; and that hopefully that movement will satisfy the demands of both justice and freedom. But it is also true that it has gotten darker in the meantime, that de Tocqueville's judicious optimism has not grown stronger over the years. America gave him a firm hope. France did not.

In 1830 the young de Tocqueville had hailed the July Revolution as the triumph of enlightened monarchism. Eighteen years later he was among those who were convinced that the regime had long since become a living putrefaction and that it could not possibly survive. In the awareness of all that was wrong with France in this period, then, he was one with Marx, Proudhon, and Blanc. And indeed even the most tepid observer of politics is apt to agree today with these impassioned observers. The excesses of centralization were deplorable. So was the corruption and venality of those holding political office. The limited suffrage made a bad situation worse, and the living political forces of France and its official, legal forces seemed to be parallel lines that would never meet. These were years, moreover, of which de Tocqueville said, "I have spent ten years of my life in the company of truly great minds who were in a constant state of agitation without ever really becoming heated, and who expended all their perspicacity in the vain search for subjects on which they could seriously disagree." So much for the *classe dirigente.*

In more ways than one the failings of the regime have an unnerving resemblance to those found in countries other than France in a time other than the nineteenth century. But in one thing we can find some juicy satisfaction: today the problem is not ennui, in France, here or anywhere.

For de Tocqueville, at any rate, 1848 was the exhilarating possibility of a new bourgeoisie with a new spirit. And on that possibility, he was convinced, rested the future of French democracy.

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For him the bourgeoisie of the time of Louis-Philippe was contemptible. More than Marx, and almost as much as Flaubert, de Tocqueville despised that amorphous class as inept, vicious, short-sighted and devoid of all ideals. It was their failings that had made the long corruption possible, and in 1848 it was the failings of that same, unchanged bourgeoisie, he concluded in this study, that doomed the revolution. This is the final conclusion of the *Recollections*—that after a glimpse of light, of hope, the dark had again fallen. The class that might have redeemed itself had not.

The Socialists, in this assessment, do not come off very well, and de Tocqueville will never suffer from want of criticism on this score. Like a good many other political observers at that time, de Tocqueville did not take much notice of the Marxist claims of scientific socialism; and if he had, no doubt he would have found them as unscientific as those of any other socialists. For him they were all confused, silly and vicious Utopians, master demagogues who contributed to making 1848 the first class-war of modern European history. This appraisal reveals an embarrassing obtuseness with respect to some very good things in socialism—and regrettably on the matter of the state and economic policies he was an insensitive economic liberalist. But even in his worst moments, de Tocqueville had moments of great illumination: after dismissing at one point that the Socialists are arguing for, he later allows that the future might very well incorporate visions and values that go well beyond the most radical socialism of the day.

He acknowledges this, though, without much joy. There might be more justice after 1848, he feels—there just might be. But he is sure there will be less liberty. In his youth, he writes, "I had conceived the idea of a regulated and orderly freedom controlled by religious belief, mores and laws; I was touched by the joys of such a freedom and it had become my whole life's passion; I had felt that I could never be consoled for its loss and now I clearly saw that I must give it up forever."

In the search for this kind of freedom, the old Greek with a lamp was last seen making his way from somewhere in the East to somewhere in the West. Like de Tocqueville he, too, was having trouble.

REVIEWERS

MURRAY POLNER teaches at Suffolk County Community College in New York.

ANNE FREMANTLE is a well-known author, anthologist and critic. Her most recent book is *The Age of Belief*.

SERGE HUGHES is the author of *The Fall and Rise of Modern Italy* (Macmillan).

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 427)

Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Franciso. We met pretty much the same cross-section of Catholics. In San Francisco, for example, Tom Jordan hosted a conference at his home which included people like John Noonan, Msgr. John Tracy Ellis, John Bennett who is president of the ACCM, and other equally intelligent and involved men and women.

You're correct in saying that the church may not be talking to all the right people about the present and future, but I think it is making a very real effort to do this and that is where our hope lies! Msgr. Uylenbroeck didn't talk to all of the right people, but with limitations of time and energy he did talk to many of the right people. . . .

MARTIN H. WORK

New York

To the Editors: The editorial [July 24] on the visit of Msgr. Marcel Uylenbroeck highlights a few aspects of dialogue that deserve consideration. . . .

The editorial says that the institutional church is becoming more and more out of touch with certain trends in the church. The contrary too is true. These trends and those responsible for them are becoming more and more out of touch with the institutional church. It is characteristic of most liberal groups that they are suspicious of the establishment and wish to simplify its institutional character. As such, they shy away from organization. . . .

How is it possible to get liberal opinion that is unorganized and does not accept the available organization represented at a meeting, such as the one with Msgr. Uylenbroeck? This is a question that has to be considered seriously, if we are to promote true dialogue within the church.

The Religious News Service report, from which the editorial seems to quote, makes one point clear. The representatives who met with Msgr. Uylenbroeck realized the limitations and shortcomings of the structures within which they function. They are making a serious effort to readjust and revitalize these structures. . . .

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